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[Story continued.]

THEODORE DE ST. ALBERT was the descendant of a noble house in Normandy. To a graceful exterior, and fascinating manners, he added a mind, filled with every store of learning, and every requisite of elegance. He was the favorite of

every circle, and the delight of all who knew him. The seclusion however of his paternal abode little suited his active and enterprising mind. He grew weary of the same round of unmeaning employments, and longed to exchange them for the splendors of a city. At the age of eighteen he lost both his parents by an epidemic disorder, and leaving his elder brother in possession of the title and estate, he set out for Paris.

It was here that was laid the foundation of all his troubles and sorrows. Soon after his arrival, he formed a romantic attachment to a young lady of family and fortune, whose parents, so far from giving any encouragement to the connection proposed, upon learning that Theodore was a younger son, absolutely refused their consent. It was in vain he pleaded the strength of his attachment, the influence of his family, and the affection with which he was regarded by Constance herself. They replied repeatedly, that

age would soon overcome these exuberant feelings of youth, that little dependance was to be placed upon the exertions of a younger branch of a family at best in a decaying condition, and as for their daughter, they could not conceive what right she had to place her affections on any one, unless sanctioned by themselves. To these objections it was soon found in vain to make any remonstrance. Theodore wearied himself with fruitless appeals, and ineffectual intreaties; and at last resolved on procuring an interview with Constance, to bid a last adieu to her and his love. He saw her:—She was pale & sad with weeping; but her sadness only affected her beauty as does the mournfulness of moonlight a rich and verdant landscape. Theodore gazed upon her as he would have done upon some lovely vision that was fast fading from his sight forever. He could have clasped her to his heart, but he remembered that she was no longer to be the

object of his hopes or his wishes. The conversation led to their eternal separation, their blighted expectations. All the fond recollections of past times rushed upon their hearts; all the delightful hopes they had ever formed, blasted as they had been and quenched in darkness, now seemed to rise in painful remembrance to increase the sorrow of this parting hour. In the madness of the moment, he proposed to her to fly with him; but the ardor of his appeal roused her pride, and they parted, not as was expected, but offended, mortified, and with feelings partaking rather of indignation and resentment than of grief or regret.

When left to his own reflections, Theodore reproached himself for his folly and presumption, but felt his repentance was too late. He mingled again with the world, but female society seemed now a burthen to him. He never could love another as he had loved Constance, and finally resolved to

devote himself to a profession in which he would be debarred from ever again attempting to form an attachment. He therefore betook himself to the Church, and turning all his aspiring views, and ambitious dispositions, into that channel, he found ample employment for his mind. His eloquence soon attracted crowds. He felt his vanity raised, & his ambition excited, by the voice of public applause. His exertions were wonderful, and produced a corresponding effect on all who heard him. There was an energy in his manner, while at the same time a sweetness in his tones & expressions, which won every heart. Amid all this blaze of admiration, this tumult of applause, the deceived St Albert fancied that he was no longer the same; and that he had entirely overcome those feelings which were only sleeping because his energies were directed into another channel. He congratulated himself on his firmness, and repressed with stoical heroism all yearnings

toward former sensations. He strove to live above the world as it were, and to experience that sublime but certainly undesirable feeling of absolute exclusion from the thoughts, and hopes, and fears, and joys, and passions, of common human nature. He endeavored to have his mind weaned and abstracted from all the emotions and from all the sympathies of men, and to exist in his own solitary state of lofty seclusion. He was not sensible that he was thus fostering the darkest and the most fatal of human passions — pride and ambition. He gained in the mean time amongst those who neither knew his history, nor could distinguish between appearances, the reputation of superior sanctity and dignity.

While St. Albert was thus proceeding, Constance, in passive obedience to the commands of her parents, and perhaps too from some little pique towards Theodore, became the wife of another. He

heard of it; but it made, or he supposed it made, no impression on his mind. He often saw her in public at the Assemblies, often met her on the public promenades; but he suffered no throb of remembered disappointment to ripple his spirits, and he even past her without recognition.

He was in the practice of wandering through the city, after sunset, in a lay habit, seeking out objects of distress, and endeavoring to satisfy the murmurings of his conscience by deeds of charity and benevolence. One evening, as he past along the suburbs, he found himself opposite the gate of a mansion where he had often in former days beheld his Constance. Tears for the first time filled his eyes as he retraced the past; but he repressed them, and was hastening away, when the sound of music and festivity assailed his ears, and on looking toward the gardens, he beheld them lit up as if for a fête. He

learned from one who stood by him, that it was a masked bale; and an irresistable impulse of curiosity to see whether Constance was there, and how she now appeared, induced him to procure a domino, and enter the house. He wandered about amongst the festal groupes for a long time without observing her; but at length he beheld her without her masque seated sad & pensive at a remote part of one of the rooms. He watched her for a considerable time. She seemed to him now more beautiful than ever, and the radiance of animation which gleamed on her countenance as she spoke to those who chanced to pass by, succeeded as it was by gloom and dejection, appeared to his keen observation but an effort to overcome her feelings. Many times was he at the point of tearing himself away from the tempting vision; but his own confidence in his strength prolonged his stay in this dangerous situation.

He at last entered into a conversation with her. In a feigned voice, he joked her on her dejection, and pretended to enquire into its cause. She answered him with reserve, but with a mournfulness of accent that went to his heart. They wandered into the illuminated garden. It was a dangerous and bewitching scene. The moon-like effect of the lights threw a soft and mellow lustre over the variegated foliage, and fantastic bowers; groupes of fancifully attired masqueraders were scattered throughout the winding walks; to which the addition of sweet and unseen minstrelsy, gave the effect of enchantment and fairy pomp. It was peculiarly dangerous for beings like Theodore and Constance, whose long slumbering feelings needed but little to recall them to life and activity.

They conversed a long time, & their discourse became of a more serious nature. St Albert discovered that she was unhappy, and from several hints that she dropt, ga-

feared that the remembrance of himself had not faded from her heart. They sat down in a little arbor separated from the rest of the company. The effect of the scene, the presence of his long-lost Constance, the awakening recollection of feelings so long hushed to silence, the place, the hour, all overcame the too confident ecclesiastic. He forgot his vows, his character, his profession. He forgot, or did not heed, that she was now no longer at her own disposal. Wrought to frenzy by his feelings, he dashed the mask from his face, and fell at her feet. In the unutterable surprise of the moment, she shrieked, sunk into his arms, & fainted. He held her to his throbbing bosom till her faculties recovered. "Theodore"— said she," wherefore have you come? To bless or to curse me have you thus burst upon my gaze?" He answered her by an impassioned appeal of eloquence which she was unable to resist, and she yielded to his ~~frenzy~~ proposal dictated by all

the madness of his feelings, to fly with him, and think no more on those she left behind.

They procured an immediate conveyance, and set out for the frontiers of France. They reached with precipitancy several towns before many hours had elapsed, but soon learned by accident that they were pursued. A servant of the Count De Verneuil, the husband of Constance, had observed their flight and reported it to his master. Upon this intelligence they hurried onward, but wishing to mislead their pursuers, left the main roads, and crossed the ~~country~~ country by more obscure paths. They travelled thus two days and two nights in succession. On the second night, about twelve o'clock, they came to a large heath, on which stood a single cottage. Constance requested the impetuous Theodore to stop, which he consented to do, and they gained admittance at the hovel which presented itself to their eyes. It was a dark and cloudy night, and before they

had long been in the cottage, a storm arose which seemed to shake the earth to its very foundation. The superstitious fears of the old woman who inhabited the cottage, communicated themselves very soon to the shattered nerves of Constance. Remorse for her deed arose at this sad & disastrous hour. Theodore approached her. Her cheek was pale, & her frame convulsed. The excess of feeling, the fatigue of the journey, the dread of detection, and now the anguish of remorse, had sapped the springs of life, and prostrated her in the agonies of dissolution. To Theodore it was an awful hour. She raised her trembling form from the couch where she lay, and in accents scarce audible she said — "You have wrought this ruin — but I forgive you. We loved — but our love was not approved by heaven — and we might have gone down to the grave in peace, if not in happiness. Oh! the pang of broken vows, and dishonored sanctity! I must soon give up my fearful account — but you — the boasted minister of peace — the herald

of purity — Oh never more mingle with mankind, nor mock them with the semblance of the sanctity you have disgraced. Repent in silence & solitude over this dreadful hour — this blighted blossom you have destroyed." She paused; again she started, and seizing his hand, exclaimed — "and yet, oh yet, let us not die at variance! Oh! Theodore, first and only beloved, I love thee still — with all thy faults & all thy misdeeds, I love thee — love thee in death — and I can forgive thee and pray for thee" — She would have added more, but as she clasped his arm with her dying hand, her head sunk on the pillow, and she expired. —

St Albert knelt by her clay-cold body, and raved, and moaned, and wept. A sense of his danger alone roused him from this state of suffering. He left orders to have her simply buried, and bestowing a large sum of money on the miserable hostess, plunged into the recesses of the neighboring forest.

With all the hot and breathless haste of one that thirsts for blood,

de Vernueil traced the fugitives to this last abode. Constance was a corpse, and her seducer had fled. He shuddered as he gazed upon her pale and ~~[illegible]~~ emaciated frame, and vowing upon the spot eternal vengeance upon Theodore, committed her to the dust.

In the mean time, St Albert, after avoiding the fury of his pursuit for many months, escaped to the French settlements in america; but the dread of detection, and his abhorrence of the human form, led him to the solitary abode where we first found him. The sequel of his story is short.

E.